

## Supra Genius

## Soul Coughing

Something I can't comprehend  
Something so complex and  
Couched in its equation  
So dense that light cannot escape from

In the dark your brain glows  
And it goes  
Way um way, way um way um

I know you're a supra genius

Will you shoot the blue earth down?  
In the space station  
Polishing the ray gun  
You say correllation is not causation